

leagues, every-body-on-some-committee-or-other, various card and ticket schemes for finding and binding strangers, gymnasium in the basement, daily soup charities in the kitchen, free lectures and other high grade entertainments and educational schemes, and so forth and so on. In one place they hit the center, in others they are pronounced impractical and even disastrous.

What is the matter? Why does not the method that succeeds in one place succeed in another? It is because the method that is adapted to one place seldom fits the other. The plan that succeeds has in it the element of timeliness, the recognition of existing social tastes and tendencies and the personality of the originator and operator. These essentials are not to be transported without loss save when conditions are alive at both ends of the trip.

The thought at which we arrive is this, that it is laid upon every pastor to study his time and place, his resources* and adaptabilities, and to lay out his plans on those ascertained lines. Imitation is sometimes a resort of indolence, often a serious blunder, always a source of danger. Let the minister believe in himself as the appointed servant of the Lord Jesus, to whom the Holy Spirit is given as a personal possession, for quickening his intellect enduing him with power.

Home Circle.

EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

The best method of training little ones should occupy the serious thought of most all of us. I do not believe that there is anyone wholly exempt from this responsibility. You may not be a mother or a sister, a grandmother or a teacher, and yet is there not some little one over whom you can have an influence for good? The neighbor boy, or the one you meet on the streets, will soon learn to look for your smile; perhaps some day you might drop a word which would stay the hands or lips from sinning. We are all too willing to frown upon the child who has evil ways, and of course do not want him for an associate for our little ones. But what have we done to make that evil child any better? A child is a creature of growth and development, morally as well as physically, and perhaps a few smiles and well-directed words from us might prove as food to its famished soul.

What pattern do we hold up before these children with whom we mingle every day? Is it the One of olden times who took the little ones in His arms and bless-

ed them, or is it those of this sinful world? We should never for a moment be off our guard in word or action; for these little folks are like mirrors, reflecting back our frowns, and are complete echoes of our unkind words. It seems that one terrible mistake is made by many in this world, and that is the repetition of profane language, especially in the presence of children. I know of otherwise good mothers who seem to have a relish for telling an anecdote which contains a profane word. I can in no wise understand such a depraved appetite. If the mother, father, or sister can defile their lips with such words, it will soon be easy for the little ones to do the same. One of the greatest hopes we have is in keeping their confidence. If we can get them to come to mamma with their joys, sorrows, secrets, and all, then we may feel quite secure.—*Sel.*

SENSELESS HURRY.

The hurry fever is rife in homes where they try to do too many things without thought or pain, and especially without stopping to consider how many of these things are not worth doing at all.

We have all seen such households. Hurry to breakfast, hurry to lunch, hurry to dinner. Hurry to bed so you may be up early. Hurry to fix the furnace, that you may hurry to fill the tubs, that you may hurry to wash the dress, that you may hurry to go to the party. Hurry up that you may hurry down. Hurry in because you are in a hurry to go out. Hurry to finish this game, that you may have time for one more. Hurry to have the walk, for you must hurry off to church after supper. So the fretful household hurries, with knit brows, compressed lips, and tense nerves, from bustling morning to bustling evening.

It would be a fruitful experience and a shrewd test for almost any one to see by actual count just how many times in a day he uses this fretful word, "hurry," and how many times of these times he could have just as well avoided it.

Nothing is gained by hurry. The attitude of mind it implies is prejudicial to wise planning or proper execution. We have just so much time; scheme to do what will fill it—no more, but, indeed, much less, leaving many half hours for the unexpected. The shrewd workman well understands the paradox, "Do not do too much, and you can do more." Banish the hurry fever with the cooling diet of peace and forethought and jollity. Then your home will be a rare abode, only one removed from heaven.—*The Home Queen.*

MOTHER LOVE IN GOD.

God comes to us first in our infancy, in our mothers who bear us in our arms. All love is of God; mother love is likest God's of all human loves. The old Jewish rabbis used to say, "God cannot be everywhere, and therefore He made mothers." A mother's arms are underneath her child in its infancy. Most of us know what mother-love is. Perhaps those who have lost it know best what it is, for while we have it we cannot see all its beauty; only when it is gone is all its preciousness revealed. Our mothers leave us after they have taught us in their own life a little of God's tenderness, but God himself remains, and His arms are never unclasped.

After Horace Bushnell's death they found, dimly pencilled on a sheet of paper, these words: "My mother's loving instinct was from God, and God was in her in love to me, first therefore, which love was deeper than hers, and more protracted. Long years ago she vanished, but God stays by me still, embracing me in my gray hairs as tenderly and carefully as she did in my infancy." The thought is very beautiful. Mother love in God's love, revealing itself first to the child in tender human ways which it can understand. It could not then be made to know God's love in any other way. If God should appear, His glory would terrify the child. By and bye the mother vanishes, but the lessons have been learned; the love remains, revealed no longer in the human voice and touch and help, yet no less real, no less tender, and infinitely deeper, stronger, and more lasting. The mother does her work for the child when she has taught it the love of God. Then she goes away. What mother-love is to the infant, heart-filling, satisfying, God's love is to the motherless old man who rests in the clasp of the everlasting arms.—*J. R. Miller.*

MOODY ON PRAYER.

In speaking of the power of prayer, Mr. Moody declared that the greatest amount of good accomplished in the world was not by those who moved on the stage of action as its most conspicuous figures, but often by some prayerful man or woman, whose name was known only to the recording angel. He related a narrative of one of his early visits to London, and declared that the coming down of the Holy Spirit, by which 400 people were converted, was in answer to the prayer of an invalid woman. This marked the beginning of his career as a Christian evangelist.